

Pages of Your Thoughts by Luddleston

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Summary:

In order to prove to Zagreus that his affections for a certain shade are returned, Aphrodite charms Achilles' codex to show all his true thoughts, not just his collected writings.

This leads to Zagreus learning some *very* intimate things about his friend and mentor.

Pages of Your Thoughts

Author's Note:

So, this all came about because someone accidentally mistook a post from my NSFW twitter (which was something about zag being a slut iirc) as being a bot that posts lines from the Hades codex because my icon is Achilles' character portrait. I went a little crazy, as i do.

pls note I use dick/cock/hole for zag's anatomy

now ON WITH THE APHRODITE MEDDLING!

It was Aphrodite who noticed him looking longingly in the direction of the guard post in the West Hall. Of course it was Aphrodite, she was like a homing beacon for lovelorn stares in the form of a goddess.

Zagreus hadn't even noticed she was watching, so when she set a hand on his shoulder, he jolted so forcefully he had to visibly steady himself, which made her giggle. He was glad he'd set down his drink, else he would have spilled it.

"Ooh, a mortal shade?" she tittered, leaning over Zagreus' shoulder, her many tendrils of hair snaking around his clothes in a way they seemed to whenever she was close to somebody. They were... somewhat prehensile. One was holding her drink. Pretty handy, Zagreus thought. "What an unusual choice," she continued, "although, of all those who inhabit your father's realm, Achilles certainly is *most* lovely."

"I—well, it's not like I'm going to do anything about—I'm sorry, Lady Aphrodite, you should be enjoying the party, not chasing after my romantic woes."

"On the contrary, little godling!" She transferred her drink into her hand, taking a long sip of the wine and then sighing as if immensely refreshed. Whether it was the drink or her sudden interest in Zagreus' love life she found so pleasing, he'd never know. "It's a new challenge, for certain! I

know not whether my Eros' quiver would be of any use against a shade. Olympians tend to prefer living mortals, you see. Although this would certainly prevent that pesky issue of them dying on us!"

"Not to offend, but I'd rather not have any artificial affection," Zagreus said. The idea of Achilles being forced to fall for him under Aphrodite or Eros' power made his stomach turn.

"So you'll go for him yourself, then," Aphrodite concluded.

Zagreus knew not how to explain to the *literal goddess of love* that their relationship was full of a number of conversations that would make him unable to simply 'go after' Achilles. He picked up his own cup from the ledge on which it sat and took a long drink. The beverage was not his first of the night. To be honest, he couldn't recall how many drinks he'd had. The liquor was probably what loosened his tongue enough to admit:

"Sometimes, I just wish... I wish I knew what he was thinking."

"Oh, but you do!" Aphrodite remarked, sounding absolutely delighted. "As I understand it, you are in possession of a work of his hand, a book which contains all his thoughts on everything in the Underworld and many things above, yes?"

"I have his Codex," Zagreus confirmed. He'd no idea how that was supposed to allow him to glean anything regarding Achilles' romantic affections and whether they might be turning toward a Zagreus-leaning direction despite Achilles turning him down some time ago. "He writes very... hm. Professionally? Is that how to put it?"

"How tragic, the great Achilles putting a leash on his passions. Well, then," Aphrodite said, pulling a slip of paper out of somewhere (where? was she keeping that??) and handing it to Zagreus. It was a tiny envelope, smaller even than his palm, with a heart-shaped wax seal on the front, resembling the symbol that appeared on her boons. "Put this between the covers and you will not only view his most conclusive, selected thoughts, but his *true* feelings, all the tiny details he muses over day and night. I'm sure it will be most fascinating!"

Zagreus turned it over in his hands, wondering how in the world that was supposed to work. "I... okay?"

"Good boy!" When she praised him, it sounded remarkably like how Zagreus spoke to Cerberus.

Then she gave him a pat on the head, a kiss on the cheek, and left him to enjoy the rest of the party, mostly forgetting about the love note in his pocket until the very end of the evening, when, now very drunk, he rolled into bed and it fell out.

Hm.

Might as well.

He tucked it between the cover and the first page of the codex and slid the volume onto his bookshelf, before flopping onto his belly and promptly passing out.

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Zagreus woke with what he assumed was a hangover.

He wondered if the Olympians got those, too, or if this, along with his red blood, was a symbol of partial mortality. Thinking about that made his headache worse.

He got the strange, innate sense that his codex had been updated, like a little ping from the corner of his mind. It hadn't happened in some time, Zagreus having seen most of what was available to see in the Underworld, but when Achilles had first given him the book, it updated near-constantly. Perhaps something from last night's party had unlocked some new notes on the Olympians.

Peeling himself up out of bed, Zagreus scrubbed off his face and dropped his chiton, which had become twisted around him awkwardly in his sleep. Thankfully, he'd rid himself of most of his ornamentations the night before, although his bracelets were pushing pressure marks into his skin.

His attempt to go anywhere was almost immediately halted, as he tripped over a pauldron that was lying on the floor and toppled over. Why was that pauldron even *there*? It wasn't like he'd worn it last night. He managed not to break his skull on the stone flooring, landing on the lionskin rug instead, and then remained still for a moment, pressing his forehead into the fur, the stabbing pain in his head making him want to do nothing more than climb back into bed.

He was really gonna have to take this one up with Dionysus.

Eventually, after an amount of time that was even more indeterminate than usual, given Zagreus' head, he rose, making his way to the bathing chamber without further incident. The steam of the place instantly made his mind feel a little clearer, and he stripped his leggings off as quickly as he could. He sank into the water, the heat of it soothing the throbbing in his skull.

Zagreus recovered faster than he assumed a mortal would, needing nothing more than a hot bath to put him mostly back into his usual shape.

It was only after he dried off and put on fresh clothes, however, that he remembered the tiny note that Aphrodite had given him, and the promise that went with it.

Achilles' true feelings.

As far as Zagreus could tell, the first entry looked the same as ever. It described Father's disposition, his rulership, and, in a section Zagreus skipped over, his relationship with his son.

Achilles' writings on Hades must have been relatively true to his feelings. Or he hadn't been thinking about Hades since Zagreus had slipped the note into the codex. Probably likely, as Hades' attention at last night's festivities had been mostly devoted to his brothers, while Achilles' had been usurped by Artemis, who'd embroiled him in a long conversation about martial techniques, and then about what a little bastard her twin was.

The next entry was changed. Zagreus spotted that immediately, the new information in the codex always stood out a little bolder, like it had been

freshly inked.

The next entry was also *Zagreus*'.

Huh.

Reading his own entry in the codex always made him flush. Achilles called him a quick learner, kind, respectful, congenial, and all the better for the mortal blood that made him lesser in some gods' eyes.

He sat on his bed, legs folded up underneath himself, grinning and biting his thumbnail as his eyes traced Achilles' words. Then, finally, he reached the new addition.

Zagreus is more than simply a remarkably kind soul. He is so earnestly willing to love everyone he comes into contact with, and he does not allow the harshness of his reality to spoil that love. Although I am certain that if anyone ever truly broke his heart, I would be but one of a long line of people waiting on the destruction of that individual.

It was, quite possibly, the sweetest thing Zagreus had ever read.

Possibly.

He'd have to read it a few more times, just to be sure.

— — —

Following that incident, the codex developed many little updates. Per Aphrodite's promises, it was 'all the tiny details' of Achilles' thoughts: what types of fish he preferred and which he was absolutely terrified to eat, how he wished Dusa wouldn't worry so much, how Cerberus made him miss Patroclus' many dogs. Zagreus didn't even know Patroclus had dogs when they were alive, but apparently there had been an entire cohort of them.

Once, memorably, there was a note that, ***I do not often tend toward the violent urges of my mortal life, but Theseus frequently makes me wish I still possessed the ability to kill men simply by shouting them down.***

It was after his next visit to Patroclus that the codex received an update so lengthy, Zagreus swore it had sprouted a few extra pages to contain it.

He immediately knew what entry it had been added onto. This was about to be the cutest thing he'd ever read.

While I must recant my previous statement that life's final cruelty is that we still feel, I must also admit that often, it does ache. Being apart from him, that is. Ah, but it does make our every reunion all the sweeter, each moment I am able to hold him somehow akin to the very first.

Oh, he was absolutely correct. They made the sweetest pair, anybody could see that. Patroclus claimed Myrmidons weren't sentimental, but he'd caught Achilles braiding flowers and little ribbons into Pat's hair, once, and that simple action was so wonderfully romantic it had made Zagreus brim with happiness and jealousy in equal part.

He wasn't jealous of Patroclus, not really. He'd never want to have Achilles for himself. But there was a deep desire he felt, to curl up in between the two of them and let them hold him the way they held one another.

I do occasionally wish he wasn't such an enormous tease. My time between shifts is limited as is, and Pat could spend all of it just kissing me and touching me, never taking it a step further.

This seemed very much like Patroclus' usual mode of operation, Zagreus thought. He was crafty, that man, and everything about him suggested he'd tease Achilles just as quickly as he'd tease anybody else. Zagreus couldn't help the little laugh that bubbled out of him as he read on, curling up on his couch to properly enjoy whatever Achilles had written. Thought. Whatever.

On my most recent visit, he had me on edge for hours. His resolve is tenacious, much more so than my own. Perhaps I exaggerate.

Perhaps he did. Zagreus couldn't imagine Patroclus withholding affection. They were often hand in hand when he saw the two of them together, and even more often they leaned against one another where they sat in Patroclus' glade, arms around each other. Patroclus was quick to draw

Achilles into a little kiss, slow to pull away from him. Even if Zagreus was watching.

But in all truth, I simply think he enjoys hearing me beg.

Zagreus enjoyed that, too—it was cute, Achilles' little, "one more before I go, Pat, you would not deny your lover a kiss." Patroclus liked to pretend to consider it until Achilles pouted (Zagreus had never seen him *pout* before the two had been reunited) and then Patroclus would bestow him with what he wanted, and often two or three.

I think he saw through my front of being unaffected.

Perceptive, naturally. He always was, when he wasn't too deep in his own head.

What am I saying, of course he saw through me. I wanted him to have me so bad I nearly cried once he finally got inside.

Oh.

Whoa.

Fuuuuuck.

This was a very different kind of begging than Zagreus had previously assumed. He was going to have to re-frame all the rest of what he'd read. He was going to have to...

Well.

He really ought to put down the book, right?

He flicked through the next couple of pages. Theseus' entry did not start until he'd passed over about four of them.

Oh gods, was this seriously a detailed account of Achilles and Patroclus' sex life?

Zagreus supposed he'd have to check the next few lines, just to be sure. Maybe the sex part was brief, a fade-to-black, as it were, and Achilles would go on to describe some riveting topic of conversation from their visit.

We were not often given the opportunity for languor in our lives, which make it all the more intoxicating when he take it this slow, but I swear to the gods that he does this simply to frustrate me to the point where I can't take it any longer, and I push him onto his back, sit astride him, and fill myself with him until either my legs give out or he spills himself in me.

Apparently not.

"Fuck, Achilles." The oath slipped from Zagreus' lips and his gaze slipped further down the page.

On my most recent sojourn to him, he did not allow this to happen. He held me down, made me take it at his pace (which, thankfully, was not quite as lazy as he often gets). He is the only man I've yet been with who is capable of forcing me to keep still.

Zagreus felt the hot prickle of arousal course through his entire body, and he shifted in his seat, his breath already coming faster.

He shouldn't be reading this.

He shouldn't be reading this.

He kept reading.

Patroclus' eloquence is never better put to use than when he is making love to me. I think he would agree. Here in Elysium, where our bodies react to emotion and to physical stimulation in nearly equal measure, I think he could get me off on only his voice. But I'd rather he not try, not with how wonderful he is with his hands and his tongue and his cock.

Zagreus shoved a hand over his mouth so that he could deny ever making the little whine that left his throat. Gods, there was something about seeing foul language in Achilles' pristine hand that had him overwhelmingly

aroused. Or maybe that was just the series of increasingly lewd mental images he was enjoying.

I know he must to some degree be as overwhelmed as I am. While he takes me, he tells me how he has missed me, how he has longed to see me, to touch me, to kiss every inch of me. At times, we do not retreat to the house to enjoy ourselves. He's developed the habit of keeping oil on him at all times, the scoundrel, and he will open me up or allow me to do the same to him in the middle of the glade.

Okay.

That was it.

Zagreus shoved his hand down his leggings.

He was so turned on it ached, and the knowledge that at any moment he could have come across Achilles and Patroclus *fucking in the middle of the glade* had his hips twisting up and arching off the couch so that he could grind into his own hand. He kept the codex open, awkwardly repositioning his fingers to hold it in one hand while he read. His other hand was occupied, and already wet enough to stain the pages if he tried to turn them with it. Not that he'd be drawing it out from between his legs anytime soon.

He stopped halfway through, flipped me over onto my belly so he could shove me down and ride out the rest of it, taking me with the kind of fierceness I so adore. He gets me loud, when he fucks me that way, keeping a vice-grip on my waist and tugging me back onto his cock at the same time he fucks me. Next I see him, I shall have to return this treatment in kind.

The longer he read, the more profane Achilles became, the less removed and objective his writing, as if the codex was recording his thoughts as he got off, in the moment.

The gods know not how they blessed me when they gave me this man! He treats my heart so carefully and my body carelessly, fucking me like a tumult, like he is trying to make the earth give way beneath us. Despite

injuries healing so quickly in Elysium, the marks of love he leaves remain. I think it is because I want them to. Because when I return to the House, I want to look upon them and know my man has claimed me.

Zagreus bit his lower lip, his hand moving faster over himself, slick sounds interspersed with his own labored breathing and little whimpers. He knew he'd bruise the same as Achilles, maybe even more noticeably given the pallor of his skin. He'd let them mark him up. Sit between them and let them make him their canvas, go forth proudly wearing love bites all over his chest and his neck, bare to the world.

There is no truer paradise, no higher gift the afterlife could have bestowed upon me, than an eternity of him. And within that, nothing is more blissful than the moment I know I've made him come.

The entry ended there, Achilles didn't even describe his own orgasm, but Zagreus had a very creative mind eager to fill in the blanks. Patroclus putting Achilles on his hands and knees, fucking him until he spilled inside him, and then dragging Achilles into his lap to get a hand around him and stroke him off.

Or, Patroclus pulling Achilles into his lap to hold him so that Zagreus could suck him. Achilles would come down his throat, or over his face, and then, in a voice hoarse from the way Patroclus—the way *Zagreus* was making him cry out, he'd tell Zagreus how incredible he felt.

"Good lad."

Zagreus dropped the codex to the side as he came, eyes squeezed shut, the words on the page replaced by the image in his head of the two of them making love up there in Elysium.

— — —

He was lucky enough that his next run landed him in Patroclus' glade, and they were both there.

Or unlucky enough, because he couldn't stop thinking about Achilles describing the way Patroclus fucked him.

He made a full idiot of himself, unable to tamp down on his puppylike joy in spending time with them, yet, well... undeniably awkward, too. Hopefully they just thought he was flushed from his recent battles. They acted normal, and made their usual conversation. Zagreus panicked when Patroclus teased about asking him for a kiss.

(“Of Styx, sir, a *Kiss of Styx*.”

“Well, if you insist.”

“I do, actually, that butterfly ball kicked my ass.”)

He'd finished fighting through the next room of exalted and flame wheels galore when he realized the codex had updated again. He wasn't sure what had triggered it, maybe the fish he'd just caught (although Achilles couldn't possibly have more thoughts on charp) or maybe he'd fought enough flame wheels that he was now entitled to the Forbidden Flame Wheel Knowledge.

It was none of these.

Once again, it was Zagreus' own entry which had been updated.

Whenever Zagreus returns to the House by the normal way, he emerges from the Styx whole and healed, and although there may be some weariness in his eye, there is no clear sense of what he has been through. When I encounter him in Elysium, he is quite different. He arrives bruised and battered and yet he is always grinning, full of joy at the sight of us.

For a moment, Zagreus thought this was Achilles pitying him for what he suffered through, although by now he was more than accustomed to the constant fight for his life. It was not quite that, however. Achilles continued:

I am reminded of when Patroclus and I returned to one another after a day's battle to tend to one another's wounds and to the aftereffects of the

rush of the fight that still flowed through us.

We are able to give Zagreus the same courtesy in part, Patroclus always heals him up, but I fear I have thoroughly ruined any would-be attempt at something more.

A would-be attempt at something more?

This was where the entry ended, of course, Achilles had no need to explain to himself what he meant with all this. Zagreus never should have expected this to be written plainly but he couldn't resist his desire for just a little explanation.

Well, maybe he could get one. In a roundabout way.

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When Zagreus returned to the House (having experienced quite a strange death this time around, who knew farming equipment could be so dangerous), he went straight to Achilles, making a big show of rolling his shoulders and stretching. He was not usually sore when he came out of the Styx, but after several runs in a row, or several very painful deaths, he'd sometimes feel phantom aches.

Achilles had offered to soothe these once before, the way he often took care of Zagreus after long hours of training, massaging his sore muscles until they were loose and warm, and he was left comfortable and relaxed, more of a puddle than a prince. He was a bit selfishly appreciative as well, enjoying Achilles' hands on his bare skin. Up 'til now, he'd never known whether Achilles felt the same appreciation. Well. He still didn't, but after the fact, he probably would.

Achilles gave his usual bow as Zagreus approached, a gesture that would have made Zagreus feel awkward were it anybody else. From Achilles, it was playful; he usually smirked as he rose up again. Today, though, he looked a little concerned, and Zagreus felt momentarily guilty for playing at injury. He wasn't guilty enough to give up the act, though.

"Feeling alright, lad?" Achilles asked him as Zagreus rubbed at the back of his neck and his shoulder, squeezing a little although there wasn't a pain to soothe.

"Just a little tight," he explained. "Wound up, I suppose." This was not a lie, he certainly had excess energy—or maybe excess affection, that was a better way to put it.

"Would you like some assistance?"

Zagreus tried not to perk up too obviously, to betray that this was *exactly* what he wanted. He did allow himself a bright smile in Achilles' direction. "I'd appreciate it, sir!"

"Lead the way, then."

He was so thrilled with his plan working, he forgot to play at soreness as they walked to his room. Achilles did not comment on this.

They settled on Zagreus' bed, Achilles giving him a moment to remove his armor, and then his chiton. Being in such a state of undress around Achilles was nothing unusual to him, and Achilles gave no sign that he was at all intrigued, but Zagreus had to wonder. Was he truly so unaffected? And if not, what would come through the codex later? It had Zagreus practically humming with excitement as he lay himself out on the bed, arms crossed beneath his head, his back bared to Achilles.

He didn't need to fake tension. The thrill had him tensing up involuntarily, and Achilles drew in a sharp breath as he passed his hands over Zagreus' shoulders and down his back.

"'A little wound up' seems correct, if possibly an understatement." Achilles had to lean close to him to reach the bookshelf behind Zagreus' bed, pulling a little jar of oil that would ease his hands more comfortably over Zagreus' skin. Last Zagreus had used that oil, it had *not* been for a massage. When Achilles bent over him, his hair tickled Zagreus' shoulder. "Are you sure you're feeling okay, lad? You're a little jumpy."

Of course he was a little jumpy. On the shelf where Achilles' hand had just been, there was a book describing, in detail, Achilles' sex life, in Achilles' own words. "I'm alright, sir," he said instead.

He was used to the feeling of Achilles' hands on him like this, firm pressure and slow passes, more pointed work on places where his muscles knotted up. Apparently Zagreus did have some true tension in him, as well. It hurt when he worked the knots out, but Zagreus' little grunts of pain didn't slow him down, he knew they would soon turn into soft sighs of pleasure. Zagreus buried his face in his folded-up arms to keep himself from being too obvious, like he always did during this.

Although, if he really did want to seduce some more lewd thoughts out of Achilles...

"Oh, right there, sir," he said, as Achilles reached a newly tender spot near Zagreus' shoulder blade.

There was no pause, no falter in Achilles' ministrations that Zagreus could detect, just a soft, worried hum, followed by, "you're so tight, lad, you should have come to me sooner."

The tension, Zagreus did not note, was *because* of Achilles. Because he was desperately trying to keep himself as still as possible, wishing he'd at least kept his chiton hanging on by his belt, to cover his hips and his groin. If Achilles asked him to turn over, he'd have to come up with an excuse. His crotch flared as bright as his soles when he was aroused, and Achilles would doubtless see it right through his leggings.

"I'll come for you sooner next time," he promised. The innuendo in it was a slip of the tongue but Zagreus supposed there was no harm in it. He was *trying* to work Achilles up, after all.

Achilles turned his attention down further, his hands sliding down either side of Zagreus' spine, digging into the muscles of his lower back, his hips as he pulled back up. He never bypassed the hem of Zagreus' leggings, but Zag fully wished he'd slip his fingers in the waistband and tug them down. Zagreus crossed his legs at his ankles, his thighs pressing together and *gods*

did he want something between them. There was a very real possibility that this was going to work an orgasm out of him with absolutely no stimulation where it counted.

Achilles finished up the massage with a not-entirely-necessary pass of his hands over Zagreus' shoulders, a playful squeeze to the back of his neck. "Good lad," he said, standing and rubbing his palms together, smoothing the excess oil into his own skin. "I must have really done you well, if you're going to sleep," he said, because Zagreus' eyes were still closed.

He wasn't sleepy, he was throbbing with arousal, and he was afraid Achilles would notice it in his face if he lifted his head. "You certainly have done me well, sir," he said.

Achilles cleared his throat but said nothing, leaving Zagreus to rest.

Leaving Zagreus to roll onto his back and immediately shove his hand down his leggings, rather.

The codex had updated by the time Zagreus came, biting his lip and rocking into his hand, worried that Achilles was still just on the other side of the door and trying to keep from crying his name.

He wiped his hand on his leggings before grabbing the book, flipping it to his own entry. To his delight, it was updated. He wiggled his leggings down and off while he read but, skimming along the previous addition to the new text below, sure that he was going to have to put himself through another round as soon as he read this, until he actually took in the words on the page.

Putting my hands on the prince, on my former student, is torture of the purest kind.

Zagreus frowned as he read Achilles' complaints, his heart sinking.

It is difficult to be in his presence at times like this, and I find myself stunned by how bright he burns and aching like I've been struck at my most vulnerable point when I leave him.

Did he... really make Achilles feel like that?

He almost snapped the book shut, and was glad he did not, because the very next line made it all so much clearer.

I want to pull him closer so desperately it leaves me wounded. I want to turn him over and touch his front, to press my whole being against him and kiss him—

Zagreus was correct about needing to touch himself again. He laid the book on the bed so he could turn the pages one-handed. God, he was still so wet with his first orgasm.

—I want to make him moan, not with the release of tension or pain but with pleasure, until he can say nothing but my name. My desire for him is unslakeable, and I will never cease longing for the blessed occasion on which I might be able to taste him, drink from him.

Achilles wanted...

Achilles wanted, oh gods.

Zagreus tossed his head back, overcome with the image of Achilles' head between his thighs, Achilles' mouth hot against him, his tongue. He stroked himself so fast his knuckles began to ache, picturing Achilles licking him open instead. He wanted to read on, but he wanted to come, and he couldn't manage both, so he closed his eyes, clamping his free hand over his mouth to muffle his refrain of *Achilles, Achilles, Achilles*.

He tried to even his breath and continued stroking himself lazily as he peeked at the page, the aftershocks of his orgasm still pulsing through him. Particularly strong, once he read the text.

Every time he allows me to touch him, I must go to Patroclus as immediately as I can. If it cannot be Zagreus, I need somebody to put me on my knees.

Fuck. He was probably already there, sucking Pat's cock and thinking of Zagreus. He squirmed where he lay, his hips rocking, not quite free of his arousal.

Gods, he needed more.

— — —

Zagreus half-hoped he'd catch Achilles and Patroclus in the act, but he didn't go by their place on his next run, nor the following one.

On the third, however, he finally reached them, which allowed him to put the latest portion of his clever plan into action.

Alright, so maybe it wasn't that clever, but when Zagreus' goings-on were mostly fueled by lust, there was little room for cleverness. Aphrodite may have been crafty enough for both at once, but Zagreus wasn't.

Achilles and Patroclus had a little house where Zagreus met them sometimes, but they also liked being outdoors (as 'outdoors' as one could get, down here) and they were lounging in the grass when he arrived, piled on top of one another, so that it was difficult to tell whose clothing belonged to who if not for the difference in color tone. Zagreus could see Patroclus' leg stretched out over Achilles' lap, bare, because Patroclus always wore short chitons without anything beneath them.

Today, Zagreus matched him in this.

He'd left his leggings behind, had switched out his greaves for a leather pair that wouldn't chafe his skin so terribly. It was rather, ah. Breezy.

And Achilles' attention went right to his thighs.

The left one, in particular, was left almost completely bare, and if he turned to the proper angle, they'd get an eyeful of his ass. He took a seat next to them, putting his forearms on his knees, letting the lift of his legs part his chiton even further, revealing his outer thigh up to his hip. Payback for all Patroclus' time doing exactly this.

Patroclus' attention was on him, as well, his hand subconsciously going to the white band that he kept bound around his thigh as if to draw Zagreus' attention. Damn, Zag should've put something like that on.

"Different look there, stranger?" Of course, Patroclus would feel no shame in asking him.

"Yeah, thought I might try to mitigate the heat in Asphodel," he lied. "Didn't help, much."

"Say, Zagreus—" Patroclus began.

"We really ought not to delay you longer," Achilles cut in, more aggressively than he needed to. Was he... looking flushed? Zagreus found himself trying to stifle a grin. He could probably give away his game right now if he wanted to, but he was loath to let it go that fast.

"You're right, I suppose," Zagreus said, even though he'd just sat down, and he often spent much longer hanging around with them, while he wasn't trying to break his escape run records for Hermes. He stood before picking up Stygius, which meant he had to bend over to snatch up his weapon, his hemline getting even shorter as the action pulled it up.

He trotted off, swearing he heard Patroclus give a longing, suffering sigh from behind him.

The codex updated almost immediately after Zagreus entered the next room, and he was half-tempted to duck behind a hedge and try to read it before he was attacked by any roaming Exalted.

He was sure one of them would stab him while he read and wasn't ready to be offed in such a deeply embarrassing way so he cleared them out once again before opening the volume.

The entry had expanded, yes, but not by much.

I want him, was all it said, and, ***I need him***.

Simple words, but they made Zagreus so weak-kneed he took a moment to lean against one of the pillars to collect himself.

Breathing steadied, he snapped the book shut.

He had a feeling he wasn't going to fare well against the Champions, but that was fine. He needed to get back to them.

— — —

Achilles was *avoiding him*. Zagreus could tell it. Every time he approached him in the hall, Achilles was talking to somebody else (granted, it had only been twice) and he couldn't find their chamber to save his life (literally, in one case, he really could've used that Kiss of Styx).

The codex hadn't updated Zagreus' entry, although it had sprouted a few new ones, which was interesting. Achilles seemed to be reminiscing about his past lovers. It was sweet, none of it the sort of explicit that put a fire into him—although, he'd been touching himself more than the usual and he'd been absolutely wild the few occasions on which he'd been with Meg and Than. There was a particularly touching story Achilles wrote about the man who told him of Patroclus' death, and then kept him from ending it all right there. He wrote of happier times, too, and all of it just made Zagreus long to be with him even more.

But there was nothing more on Zag. It was as if he was deliberately keeping himself from even thinking about Zagreus.

The final line in Zagreus' entry still burned in bolder text, fresh ink on the page.

I want him. I need him.

It was this that he pointed at when he finally met Achilles and Patroclus in their home, dropping the codex open on the kitchen table. Patroclus' eyes flicked back and forth as he tried to read as fast as he could.

"You want me," Zagreus said, "so take me."

"What is this?" Patroclus asked.

Achilles said nothing, just stared, his eyes wide. Unlike Patroclus, he wasn't reading, he was looking at Zagreus. He didn't have to read the page, he probably recalled every thought that was penned.

"It's... it's my codex," Achilles said. "It has everything I've collected on the world—lad, it shouldn't be showing you *this sort of thing*."

"Oh. Right. I, um. Here, look." Zagreus flipped to the cover, where he'd slid the note from Aphrodite, and Patroclus frowned.

"Open that back up, please, I wasn't done reading," Patroclus said.

Zagreus let Patroclus find the entry himself, running a hand through his hair and leaving it clenched there, tugging a little, as Achilles turned the little envelope over in his hands. Even at a distance Zagreus could smell the perfume coming from it, a scent that matched the rose Aphrodite had given him to summon her assistance. Achilles opened it up—the paper was too small to have much of consequence on it, all it read was:

You're welcome. —A

"So, Aphrodite charmed it. She said she wanted me to know your true thoughts."

Achilles was examining the pages now, skimming through Zagreus' entry, his hand over his mouth and his eyes wide. "These... are certainly thoughts I have had," he confirmed.

Zagreus didn't realize until that moment that a small part of himself had been afraid that none of it was true and Aphrodite had been tricking him, or else just manipulating things to try to get Zagreus to act on his attraction to Achilles.

"I suppose I should tell you my thoughts," Zagreus said. "Since you can't read them."

"I think we would both appreciate the insight, yes," Patroclus said. "Come, sit, though. I'd rather not have this conversation standing around the table like we're discussing battle strategies."

Zagreus joined them on the couch, sitting between them, while Achilles still looked through the codex, gripping it tight. He had it tilted so that Patroclus could only read the cover, hiding behind it, to which Patroclus was rolling his eyes.

"I want to say it's obvious I feel the same, but I don't think I should assume that?" Zagreus settled his hands in his lap, looking down at them to avoid looking at Achilles or Patroclus. "I mean, Achilles was the first person I ever really... *felt that way* about, and it never went away, although I do have other partners."

That drew Achilles' attention back from the book. He settled it down onto his lap gently. "I... I was the first?"

Zagreus met his eyes and nodded, and then his attention was drawn to the page under Achilles' hands. The six words that had previously been the final entry started to lose the boldness of fresh ink that they'd held before.

I want him. I need him.

And then, below them, there appeared new text, written out quickly, as if by an invisible hand which was writing as fast as Achilles thought.

When he looks at me like this, I can't contain myself. I am reduced to nothing but a need to kiss him, to be in his arms. To allow him to love me the way I never let him before. To allow myself all the affection for him that wells up within me constantly.

"I think..." Zagreus swallowed, looking Achilles in the eye again. "I think you should allow yourself all of that. Unless, um." He turned around to look at Patroclus behind him. "I suppose we haven't heard your thoughts on all this, Patroclus."

"The other day, when you showed up here without your leggings on," Patroclus said, "I very nearly asked you to spread your legs and tell us how you wanted us to fuck you."

"*Shit.*" Zagreus' hands curled into fists on his lap. "You could have done that."

"Hm. Too bad I didn't. But I suppose there's no time quite like the present." Patroclus settled a hand on Zagreus' shoulder, turning Zag to face him. "Of course we would be fine with an admission of mutual affection and a decision to take things a little slower. But you ought to know that half those ideas came into Achilles' head because I put them there."

Zagreus knew how red he was going, he was probably flushed all the way down his chest. He didn't much care, though. "You two talk about me?" he asked. "In bed?"

"Frequently." Patroclus leaned in, brushing a kiss against the side of Zagreus' mouth almost as an afterthought, his beard tickling there. He was leaning over Zagreus to slip the codex out of Achilles' hands. "But I believe Achilles' desire for you is much more longstanding. And I'm certain he'd like to be the first to kiss you."

Oh gods, oh *gods*, this was happening.

"He's right," Achilles said. "But I think you know that."

"I do." Zagreus set a hand on Achilles' shoulder, shifting just the slightest bit closer to him, until his knees knocked into Achilles' thigh. "Can I...? Please?"

"Yes," Achilles said, his voice soft and throaty with emotion.

"Can I kiss you, I mean? I probably should have specified."

"I think I would have said yes no matter what you asked of me, lad," he said, which sent Zagreus' thoughts into a whirlwind—*what more could he have asked for?*

For now, that didn't matter, because all he wanted was a kiss.

Zagreus cupped the side of Achilles' face and drew him closer, tipping his head to one side as he closed the gap between them, feeling Achilles melt into the warm pressure of Zagreus' lips against his.

It turned from warm to hot *fast*, Achilles opening his mouth for Zagreus and letting him take him as he pleased. His hands clutched at Zagreus' shoulders, tugging him closer, until Zagreus was halfway in his lap and his world narrowed completely to Achilles' mouth, Achilles' hands.

His attention was only drawn away by a low groan from just over his shoulder.

"What...?" Zagreus began, looking over to catch Patroclus staring not at them, but at the book he was holding. The codex. He'd been reading it.

"Carry on," he said, waving a hand in their direction. "Don't mind me. This is good, Achilles."

"Pat, *really*," Achilles said, but wasn't able to continue because Zagreus was following Patroclus' instructions, kissing Achilles again, clambering fully into his lap now.

"It really is good," Zagreus told him, while Achilles kissed the underside of his jaw.

"I can't believe you've seen all that," Achilles said in an affronted huff, before carrying on kissing him.

"I thought about stopping, it's just... reading it got me so wound up," Zagreus said, squirming in Achilles' lap while Patroclus continued to flip through. Achilles was intermittently kissing Zagreus and looking over at the page and groaning as if in anguish.

"Stop reading it, Pat. If you want to hear my thoughts you simply need to ask."

Patroclus waved him off and kept reading. "You're so eloquent when you write about my cock, Achilles.

"I didn't actually *write it*," Achilles argued. "I only thought it."

"Your thoughts are well-put, though, sir," Zagreus said. He palmed Achilles' chest to get Achilles' attention back on him. He tipped his head against the back of the couch but his eyes drifted to Zagreus' face. "You told me you wanted to make me moan. You told me you wanted to drink me."

"He does," Patroclus said.

Achilles countered with, "Pat wants to kiss me after and taste your come on my mouth. And then he wants you to ride his tongue."

It certainly wasn't as well-phrased as anything in the codex but it had Zagreus writhing against Achilles anyway. Pat, on his part, looked a little flustered, and was still holding the codex but not reading it, watching Zagreus move and Achilles breathlessly tease instead. Pat's hand was on his cock, palming himself through his skirt. "Achilles, please, don't reveal all my secrets."

It was sweet, seeing Patroclus flustered like that, considering all his usual breezy confidence. "I want that," Zagreus reassured him. "That's... oh, so hot."

"Zagreus," Patroclus said, flipping the book closed and setting it down, "did you get off on this? Reading what Achilles said about you?"

He could do nothing but nod rapidly, and felt Achilles' hips jerk up underneath him. "Couldn't stop myself," he managed.

"How many times?" Patroclus asked. He slipped off the couch and then circled around to stand behind Zagreus, resting one hand on his hip, his other reaching over Zagreus' shoulder to hold Achilles' cheek.

"I, uh. Three in total, I think," he said. There had been more times, after the codex's updates on him stopped, that he'd touched himself and remembered

those words, but three times, he'd brought himself off looking at the pages.

Achilles smiled, turning his face to kiss Patroclus' palm. "Fine, then. We'll have to get you off thrice to make up for it, won't we?"

"Oh!"

Patroclus leaned forward, forcing Zagreus to press himself against Achilles, the aching heat of him riding up against Achilles' cock, clothing blunting the friction but still so good. He was trapped between them and loving it.

"Do you want that, Zagreus?" Patroclus asked, teasing and sweet, kissing his shoulder.

"Yes. Oh. Yes. I think you need to take me to your bed."

He'd never been in their bedroom but he'd seen their bed through the door. They rarely spread the sheets neatly; it was always sort of a nest of multicolored pillows and various blankets, one of their cloaks somewhere in the mix. This time, Patroclus carried him there, Zagreus' arms wrapped around his shoulders and legs around his waist. They tumbled back onto the bed together, and Zagreus was glad he was sturdy, because Patroclus was a large-framed man and landed directly atop him.

Achilles flung himself onto the pile afterward, and there was a moment of giggling and wrestling while the two of them stripped Zagreus' chiton off. As they were alone at home, they were not armored, but Achilles was still in a long skirt, which Patroclus hiked tantalizingly high for him, revealing a pale scar on one ankle, firm calves and toned thighs.

Zagreus fulfilled his urge to seize the white band around Patroclus' thigh and yank him close by it. He kissed Patroclus so firmly his laurels tilted and then fell, and Patroclus batted them away carelessly as if they were just another hindrance to getting closer to Zagreus and not Elysium's highest honor. (Achilles, despite the amendment to his contract, still didn't wear his own.)

Zagreus spread his thighs, Achilles ran his fingertips up the inner seam of his leggings, and...

"Oh, lad, I didn't realize. Your fire burns here, too."

"Right. Yeah." Mortals didn't have that. "Wanna feel?" If he wasn't so goddamn out of his head, if Patroclus wasn't kissing his neck again, he might've had something more seductive to say. Alas.

He was desperately hoping for Achilles to push a hand below the waistband of his leggings, but instead he touched Zagreus over them, his warm palm the perfect size to cup him, fingers digging in just a little, as if he could spread Zagreus open through the cloth somehow. Zagreus couldn't keep from grinding against him, getting the pressure where he needed it—and then Achilles' hand was gone.

"He's... it's so warm," Achilles said.

"I know." Patroclus was stroking one hand down Zagreus' shin and back up, feeling the same warmth but at a less vulnerable part of him.

"He's *wet*, too." Achilles' fingers came back, just barely brushing him. "Soaked through already."

"Can you fucking blame me?" Zagreus asked. If Achilles wasn't going to do his, he was. He yanked his leggings down, until the waistband constricted around his thighs. "The two of you, augh. I'm not sure whether to curse Aphrodite's name or write her a thank-you card."

"I think you'll be wanting the latter, after this," Patroclus said, with remarkable mildness for the fact that he was helping to peel Zagreus' leggings off. Zagreus was still squirming in his grip, huffing labored little breaths that sounded like pleas. "Do not worry, dear Prince. We'll take care of you."

Patroclus' promises were in truth, it seemed. His fingers stroked Zagreus with a gentle sort of surety, although his eyes constantly watched Zagreus' own, as if he was trying to ensure that what he did felt good.

Zagreus was certain he was giving them plenty of encouragement.

Achilles' hand passed over his waist and his abdomen, and then his fingers joined Patroclus', both of them petting at him. This was what Zagreus most loved about making love to two partners—everywhere he turned there was somebody to kiss him, somebody to hold him. Maybe it was a little greedy to want so desperately to be in the middle, but having the two of them bracket him like this was such a thrill, he wasn't moving until someone made him.

And they didn't seem keen on moving him, either.

Patroclus continued stroking him, spreading wetness from his hole up to his dick, thumbing at it and giving a low, breathy laugh when Zagreus cried out and rocked into his touch.

"Somebody's eager," he noted, his smooth voice devastatingly even while Zagreus' was already wrecked in his response.

"Yeah, I'm..."

"Already close?" This was Achilles, dragging himself up from where he'd been kissing Zagreus' neck.

"Yes!" He caught a hitch in their breath as Zagreus' fire flared brighter than usual, his laurel sending off another round of sparks. He could feel the heat of his flames in his *throat*, was sure his tongue would be glowing with it, too. The shorter curl of Achilles' hair at his temple tickled Zagreus' shoulder as he leaned back in, giving him little nips and marks, his teeth sharp and electrifying Zagreus to his core.

"He got even hotter," Patroclus noted, leaving his own kisses on Zagreus' chin and jaw. "If I were mortal, you just might burn me."

Zagreus had no answer for this. He just whined, because Pat's fingers were moving against him in an easy, skilled way, quick little strokes over his cock.

"Are you even hotter inside, I wonder?"

"So—*ah*, yes, don't stop—so I hear."

"May I feel?" he asked, and Zagreus *would* have said yes, would have let Patroclus fuck him on his fingers, but Patroclus hadn't slowed down to ask him. Zagreus could do nothing but cling to them as he came, one hand reaching back to clutch at Achilles' hair, the other at Patroclus' shoulder, rocking his hips in a riot of movement as Patroclus stroked him through his orgasm.

He was still working his way through the aftershocks of it, which lasted longer than normal, because Patroclus was arousing him terribly with the way he lifted the hand that had been stroking Zagreus and licked off his fingers.

"I told you he wanted to taste you," Achilles said, prompting another shiver from Zagreus.

"As if you do not," Patroclus scoffed, and then he leaned over to kiss Achilles, sharing Zagreus between them.

Watching them kiss over his shoulder was intoxicating, and Zagreus started to gather himself before they stopped, fitting himself so that Patroclus' thigh was between his legs, grinding down against him. He encountered the cloth band that Patroclus wrapped around his thigh and the texture made him grind a little harder. He was going to come away with it stained from Zagreus' come, and Zagreus couldn't be bothered a bit.

He was nude between the two of them clothed, which felt desperately unfair, and although the jut of Achilles' still-covered cock against his back made him hot, Zagreus wanted to see the both of them naked.

"Take your clothes off," he said, trying to make it come out an order and reaching more of a plea, instead.

"Still eager," Patroclus noted.

Zagreus snorted ungracefully. "Of course I am, you can feel me."

"Mm. I can." Patroclus lifted his thigh a little, grinding back into Zagreus. "Achilles. If you don't eat him out, I will."

Achilles' arm tightened around Zagreus' chest, pulling him back, and Zag heard a little huff from Patroclus as Achilles nipped at his lip. "Don't you dare."

"Then get on your back," Patroclus said.

Thinking Patroclus was addressing him, Zagreus tried to move, but Patroclus gathered him close while Achilles separated from them, stripping out of his clothes and tossing them to the far corner of the room as if they had grievously offended him.

"Are you steady enough to ride his face, dear prince?" Patroclus asked, his beard scraping over the red marks Achilles' teeth had left on Zagreus' neck.

In truth his legs felt wobbly and he was anything but steady. But *gods* did he want to ride Achilles' face. "Yes, sir," he said, glad he had Patroclus propping him up a little bit as he straddled Achilles' shoulders and let Achilles' hands wrap around his hips and draw him closer.

As soon as Achilles had his first taste of Zagreus, he moaned. That alone, that visceral reaction to just the taste of him, had Zagreus' inner walls clenching, dripping more slick onto Achilles' tongue, which he lapped up eagerly. Behind him, Patroclus was moving, but he kept a hand on Zagreus' back to steady him, until he had to pull away for a second to search around in the bed for something.

Zagreus glanced over his shoulder at Patroclus and found him completely naked, dark skin punctuated by silvery scars, one of which would look fresh no matter how long he spent in the Underworld, the mark on his belly where he had died. It was probably macabre to think that such a mark was beautiful, but every inch of him was beautiful.

The thing Patroclus had been searching for was a bottle of oil, which he uncorked and began spreading over his fingers while Zagreus watched.

"What is that you need that fo—oh—*oh!*" Zagreus was cut off by Achilles, who chose that particular moment to wrap his lips around Zagreus' cock and suck him, drawing Zagreus' attention back to him completely.

Patroclus leaned up so that he could press a kiss to the shell of Zagreus' ear before saying, "you needn't mind."

His focus on anything Patroclus may have been doing was thoroughly subsumed by Achilles' mouth, as Achilles licked at him where he was already wettest, his nose nudging against Zagreus' cock while his tongue worked. The circlet he wore slipped off his head as Zagreus gripped his hair, and Zagreus pulled it free of his hair entirely, thumb rubbing gently at the place it had been on Achilles' brow.

He wanted to truly ride against Achilles' face but Achilles's grip upon his hips was solid as bronze, not an ounce of yield.

Patroclus was making soft noises of pleasure from behind him, his hand slipping around Zagreus' side to his chest, squeezing and toying with him. He wasn't close enough that Zagreus could feel his cock, but he wished he'd shift closer, maybe slide between Zagreus' legs and give Achilles a chance to taste him.

Before he could voice his desires, Patroclus said, "all right then, I'm ready," and Zagreus craned around once more to try to determine what exactly he was ready for, only to catch sight of Patroclus' face as he sank back onto Achilles' cock.

"*Fuck,*" Patroclus said, and Zagreus had to agree. Achilles' grip on Zagreus' hips spasmed and his head dropped back so he could gasp.

"Patroclus!" Achilles cried. He looked a wreck, his face bright red and his lips and chin smeared with Zagreus' come and *dear gods he needed Achilles right back where he had been right now.*

“Achilles, dearest, if you’re talking to me you’re not attending to our prince. How devastatingly rude. Zagreus, pull his hair, get him back on your cock where he ought to be.”

Zagreus’ hands tangled in Achilles’ hair but he didn’t need to pull, Achilles’ mouth was back on him immediately, giving him a few apologetic licks before going back to sucking his cock.

“There, like that,” Patroclus said anyway.

“I didn’t pull his hair, sir,” Zagreus informed him.

“Oh. He’s fucking me like you did.”

Zagreus shuddered as the implication of it went straight to his cock, and he could feel more wetness trickling down onto Achilles’ tongue. “Wish I could see you better,” he said, turning around to try to catch a glimpse of Patroclus fucking himself on Achilles’ cock, taking him in deep, steady grinds.

“You may see me take him whenever you like, dear one,” Patroclus said, his fingers catching Zagreus’ heel and stroking down the sole of his foot enough to tickle and make his thighs clench tighter around Achilles’ head.

“You would? Really?” He imagined the two of them spread out before him, giving him a show while he touched himself, showing him how they liked it, how they fucked when they were alone.

“Of course. You think we’d let you go now we’ve had a chance to have you like this?” Patroclus asked, squeezing tight around his ankle.

Achilles pulled back to say, “if that’s what you want, of course.”

“I want you two every minute of every day,” Zagreus said, and this time he did pull Achilles’ hair, one sharp tug to get his attention and get his mouth back to work. Thank the gods shades didn’t need to worry about such things as breathing or getting a sore jaw or a cramp in their tongues. “I want you

all over me,” he gasped, rocking down onto Achilles’ willing mouth. “I want you inside—fuck, oh gods, *bloodanddarknessAchilles!!*”

He’d given a low hum against Zagreus’ folds, buzzing right up the center of him, before gently running his teeth up the outer edge of him and closing his lips around Zagreus’ cock again. Zagreus’ foot kicked in Patroclus’ grip and his toes curled, his head curling forward as he dropped down to brace himself on one hand and came into Achilles’ mouth, a slick rush that Achilles did his level best to swallow completely.

Afterwards, Zag’s breath came in uneven heaves that he worked hard to steady as he tipped himself off of Achilles and sat beside him to watch Pat.

Because gods, this man was gorgeous.

He moved like a dancer on Achilles, sinuous rolls of his hips that didn’t stop even as he leaned in to kiss Achilles, moaning at the taste. Zagreus remembered Achilles’ earlier confession.

“Well?” He asked when they parted, a little cheeky about it. “Does it live up to what you imagined, kissing my come off his mouth?”

“Yes,” Patroclus said, straightening up and looking directly at Zagreus as he rode Achilles faster, making him gasp and look unseeingly at the ceiling. “Better, actually. Ambrosia has nothing on your taste. I’d rather have you on my lips all day.” He said it with such frank honesty that Zagreus shivered, palming over himself because his body suddenly felt cold without Achilles’ breath on him here.

He pressed two fingers into himself. He could still feel himself throbbing from his orgasm, and he came away with a slick palm and wetter fingers, which he considered for just a moment before extending in Patroclus’ direction.

Patroclus wasted no time in licking Zagreus’ hand clean just as he’d done with his own after the first round, moaning against his skin as he sucked on the digits Zagreus had just had sheathed in himself.

“So good,” he said, kissing Zagreus’ palm. “No wonder Achilles is about to come from having your cock in his mouth.”

“I think that may have more to do with you, sir,” Zagreus argued, watching Achilles’ hips try to piston upward to fuck Patroclus in turn. Pat was grinding down too hard though, keeping Achilles deep in him.

“Zagreus,” Achilles said, his voice small and wrecked, his hand tugging at Zagreus’ arm. “Zagreus, please, kiss me.”

He didn’t have to beg a second longer. Zagreus leaned over, braced his arms on either side of Achilles’ head, and let Achilles crush him in a kiss that had a cry muffled in it. He must have been coming in Patroclus—when he broke the kiss his breath came like a sob, and then he drew Zagreus into another.

They kissed until Patroclus nudged his way into it, pressing another kiss to Achilles’ mouth and then turning his head just the slightest to reach Zagreus’. Zag almost felt he could kiss them both at once like this, a messy press of all three of their mouths together. But he was a little more entranced by the curve of Patroclus’ collarbone, which he ducked his head to nip at.

“I think we still owe you an orgasm, sir,” Zagreus told Patroclus, his hand making a steady path down Pat’s side.

“I think we still owe *you* one more,” Patroclus corrected him. “Three times, yes?”

“Can you keep going?” Achilles asked, tucking aside some of the longer strands of Zagreus’ hair that were stuck to his cheeks with sweat.

“Oh yeah. Please, give me more.”

“And what shall we give you, exactly?” Patroclus asked him, rubbing over Zagreus’ lower lip. “Do you want me to give you the same Achilles did? Or perhaps my fingers again?”

“You said you wanted to feel how warm I am inside,” Zagreus said, letting Patroclus wedge himself between Zagreus and Achilles, who halfheartedly batted at Patroclus for nearly sitting on his hair.

“I do, yes. Turn around, let me hold you.”

Patroclus urged Zagreus to lie on his side with his back to Pat’s chest, so that Patroclus could more easily reach between his legs and curl his fingers into him, the heel of his hand brushing against Zagreus’ cock. Just that simple touch made Zagreus whine and clench around his fingers.

“Fuck, you’re like a damn forge. Must have felt good on your tongue, yes, love?”

Achilles made a soft hum that sounded like assent from behind him. Patroclus’ free arm curled around Zagreus’ shoulders and rested on his chest, and Zagreus let himself drift in Patroclus’ grip, lazing in the slow sweetness of a third round. He could feel the steady brushes of Achilles’ knuckles against his lower back as he stroked Patroclus’ cock.

Patroclus’ fingers were no less skilled inside of him as they had been on his cock, finding the spots that made him whine and gush more slickness around his fingers. His cock was too sore for Patroclus to touch much at all, but the incidental brushes of Pat’s palm had him steadily interested in more contact. He couldn’t help the way he gripped Patroclus’ wrist, keeping his fingers sunk deep within. His hands were bigger than Zagreus’, his fingers longer and thicker. Even two was enough to make Zagreus feel stretched full. But it never had taken much to fill him up, his frame was small enough.

“Do you like this? Having me inside you, like this?” Patroclus asked, the words combined with the way he was moving his fingers in quick thrusts making Zagreus’ eyes cross with the pleasure.

He didn’t respond in so many words, but Patroclus was certainly aware that he liked it.

For a long while it was just that gentle, slow-building pleasure, his peak approaching at a crawl. And then, quite suddenly, that warm pleasure faded into scorching need, and Zagreus' hand slipped from Patroclus' wrist so that he could wedge it between Pat's palm and his cock, giving himself the sort of direct stimulation he'd need.

"Why the hurry, all of a sudden?" Pat wondered.

"You. Know. Why," Zagreus bit out, his hips jerking as he fucked himself on Patroclus' fingers. "I'm *close*." He hardly recognized the high, thready cry as coming from his own mouth.

"Then come for us," Patroclus said, "show us how well we please you."

The orgasm itself was less intense than the previous two; Zagreus' tired body simply didn't have as much to give, but Patroclus' voice in his ear had him shivering, his toes curling, his thighs pressing tight together to keep Patroclus' fingers buried in him a moment longer, enjoying the stretch and the pressure of Patroclus' palm against his cock until it became too much, and he had to pull away.

Achilles must have let go of Patroclus to touch Zagreus, a gentling pat to his side. His voice was an almost-sleepy mumble. "So good for us... I can't believe you."

Zagreus laughed, still gathering himself. "It's alright, sir, I'll be bad for you next time."

Patroclus smacked him on the thigh, which was a notably *wet* sound, because of where his hand had just been. "Gods only know what we'd do to you if you were bad."

"This god, for one, would like to know," Zagreus said.

"Seconded," Achilles said, raising a hand. "Next time, Zagreus."

"Promise?"

"Only if you promise to be bad." Achilles pinched his hip, just a little tease.

Patroclus cut off any additional would-be banter. “Gentlemen,” he said, “I am a patient man, but even that wears thin sometimes. Please, one of you.” He punctuated this with a grind against Zagreus’ lower back, as if he’d just rub there until he spilled if neither of them offered.

They were going to offer, but that sounded enjoyable anyway.

“Fuck my thighs?” Zagreus asked, before Achilles could volunteer.

“You want that?”

“Of course I do.” He was right there, how could Zagreus not have been thinking of it? “C’mon, I want to feel your cock.”

“Filthy mouth on you,” Patroclus said as he eased himself closer, his cock fitting between Zagreus’ thighs. “Gods, I certainly don’t need anything to ease the way. Already so fucking wet.”

“Filthy mouth on *you*,” Zagreus retorted, which made Patroclus laugh. He hugged Zagreus close to him, keeping one hand on his hip to keep him in place. Zagreus sure as hell didn’t have the energy to keep *himself* steady. After the fervor with which he’d ridden Achilles’ face, his thighs ached too badly to do much more than flex a little around Patroclus’ cock.

“You’re incredible like this,” Patroclus said. “Just an absolute wreck from us. And you’re still trying to tighten up for me, good lad.”

Achilles’ endearment on Patroclus’ lips made Zagreus melt back into him. Two could play at that, though.

“Come for me, Pat,” Zagreus said, and it made Patroclus *growl*, a huffy little sound in Zag’s ear. Patroclus’ breath was hot against Zagreus’ neck and his cock was hot between Zagreus’ thighs, adding to the mess between them after only a few more thrusts.

“So good,” Pat praised him, kissing his neck and shoulder. “Perfect. Stay right here, dear one.”

He separated from them but Achilles rolled into the warm spot he'd left, seemingly asleep but nuzzling into Zagreus' neck like he was doing it unconsciously.

Patroclus came back with a wet cloth to get them at least moderately cleaned up, although they'd still smell like sweat and sex until they actually bathed. He was gentle between Zagreus' legs and over his cock, where he was still a little sore, and then laid on Zagreus' free side, putting him between the two of them once more.

He thought he'd like staying between the two of them.

— — —

When Zagreus woke, he once again had the feeling his Codex had updated. He was loath to move but curious to glance at it, and he scrambled upward, wrapping Patroclus' chiton around his hips even though he didn't think they'd exactly have a problem with him walking around the house nude.

The addition was once again in Zagreus' entry, short and sweet because Achilles had outright said much of what he was thinking while they made love.

I thank the gods that somebody managed to instill in Zagreus the good sense to simply talk about his feelings, because it sure as hell was not me.

I thank one god in particular, as I am sure this is of his own merit.

I can only endeavor to learn to express in as many words what a passionate and consuming love for him I feel, and wish that, whether or not any more of it is recorded on the pages of this book, it only becomes stronger for what has been written here.

Author's Note:

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